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EDRED AND ELLA,
HORATIUS AND VIRGINIA,
A LAY TO DORSET,
AND
OTHER POEMS.

BY THE
REV. W. M. SMITH MARRIOTT, A. M.

BLANDFORD;

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1831.



TO HER,

FOR WHOSE AMUSEMENT, THE RHYMING ATTEMPTS

OF THE AUTHOR,

HAVE OFTEN BEEN APPLIED,

THIS LITTLE WORK

IS DEDICATED BY ONE

WHO FEELS HOW MUCH NEED IT HAS OF A

PARTIAL JUDGE

TO CRITICIZE ITS HUMBLE MERITS.

824263



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EDRED AND ELLA,
OR
THE LILY OF THE VALE.

A Ballad in Two Parts.



EDRED AND ELLA,

PART I.

THAT cliff's rough sides so wild and lone
Yon cot's low wall did touch;
Of gold and silver *there* was none,
Of youth and beauty much.

To tend a widowed mother there
Sweet Ella ne'er would fail,
By rustic beaux who loved the fair
Called "Lily of the Vale."

And she her mother's darling was
And well deserved to be,
Who wished to live,—the only cause
Her child's felicity.

Earl Merton's noble castle near
This humble cottage stood;
He was, (of which we seldom hear,)
At once both great and good.

And young he was, and many a grand
Ambitious fair one sought
To win his hand, and gain his land,
And barter *that* she brought.

But noble Merton scorned to wed
One seeking rank and pelf,
"I'll marry her alone," he cried,
"Who'll love me for myself.

"And one, who to her parents' kind,
"Has led a duteous life,
"A lover may expect to find
"Best mother and best wife.

"Till one I find whom duty sways
"Bove all things else, I'll tarry"
"If Merton for that Phoenix stays"
Cried some, "He'll never marry."

A heart 'neath Ella's breast of snow
As yet by love unmoved
Not long unwounded was to go,
When Edred came, she loved.

And Edred was a soldier youth,
And time's swift course did fly
With them, till Ella owned the truth
For him she'd live and die.

'Tis joy, past joy, 'tis rapture, when
Mute hopes the loved one gives,
Man ne'er shall know a throb again
Like that one, while he lives.

No thought but *this* could Ella rue
To minish pleasures glow,
Nought of her love her mother knew,
'Twas Edred willed it so.

And much she begged, whilst he denied
That she might tell her fate,
Though every other wish beside,
He'd first anticipate.

The soldier now to duty's call
Must yield devotion true,
To that sweet vale, where dwelt his all
Of joy, must bid adieu.

But can she part from that fond prop?
When sorrow's storms assail
Her now, without support must drop
The "Lily of the Vale."

With him that Edred could prevail
O'er her his bride to go,
Cost many tears, but says the tale
Her promise gained was so.

With stars unset, the sky was blue,
When forth her love to meet,
One morn fair Ella brushed the dew
With light and hasty feet.

Now through the vale she'd nearly run
Of which she was the flower,
When half she rued the conquest won
By love's despotic power.

Her fond and filial feelings rushed
Her cheeks with shame to burn,
Lest all her parent's hopes be crushed
She must, she must return.

But e'er she turned, she heard her name
In accents soft address'd,
Full joyfully her Edred came
And caught her to his breast.

And now in doubtful strife her heart
Is torn with tort'ring pain,
With him *love* pressed her to depart,
And *duty* to remain.

"See, See!" she cried, "yon low'ring cloud
"How dark it mantles on!
"Our joys are past, yon is the shroud
"Of bliss that's dead and gone.

"And hark! large drops from yonder cloud
"Now rattle o'er the flood,
"A darker mist o'erveils my eyes,
"My heart drops tears of blood."

“Nay, never fear,” her lover cried,
“Your vows are barter’d here,
“With faithful Edred by thy side
“Thou’lt have no cause to fear.

“This cloak shall guard thy fragile form,
“This bosom be thy rest,
“Thy lover swears from ev’ry storm
“To ward thy gentle breast.”

“But little should I be distressed”
She said “with tempests now,
“Had but my mother’s sanction blessed
“Her Ella’s hasty vow.”

“That must not be” he cried “believe
“Thine Edred’s loyalty;
“Thou’st known me long; could I deceive
“The heart for which I’d die?

“An honor’d bride full soon again
“Thou’lt cheer thy mother’s home,
“What boots an *hour* of *present pain*
“When *years* of *bliss* will come?”

Now homeward she must bend her feet
And he must not detain her,
The voice of *love* is very sweet,
But *duty's* voice is plainer.

In clouds the vale seemed to lament
Its lily once so gay,
Lest she its brightest ornament
Should thus be plucked away.

Full many a tear, full many a sigh
She gave for him she loved.
What man sweet woman's tearful eye
Can see, and see unmoved?

Not Edred could, in trembling voice
He sighed and said, "'tis fit
"That be my fate—whate'er thy choice,
"Thy lover must submit.

"Now unalloyed that flame thou'lt own
"Which lights my bosom's fire,
"Which for thy welfare burns alone
"And yields its own desire.

“Farewell! Farewell! how sad and drear

“Like sound of passing knell,

“Falls heavily upon my ear

“That gloomy word—farewell.

“Then go I must, though leaving all

“Of joy I ever knew,

“His latest sigh, should Edred fall

“Will fondly be for you.”

“Ah! full of peril is the life

“A soldier leads,” she said—

“Great Heaven! perchance in battle’s strife

“My Edred may fall dead.

“Thine aching head then no fond breast

“Will faithfully relieve;

“Oh! Edred here with Ella rest

“And gain her mother’s leave.

“With thee I’d then in deserts live—

“The wide world o’er would roam—

“What joys a faithful wife could give!

“Her bosom’s aye a home.

"I ask but that my mother now
 "Her Ella's love may bless,
"How rarely does a hidden vow
 "E'er end in happiness!"

"To do as thou hast asked" he cried
 "Would blast our hopes, by Heaven!
"But joyfully when once a bride
 "Her sanction will be given."

The course of true love never yet
 Ran smooth without a shock,
But opposition aye has met
 From some illnated rock.

Would lovers in their vows so sweet
 But some reflection carry,
Fond couples then would oft'ner meet
 In Hymen's bonds and marry.

'Twere vain on paper to rehearse
 What varying thoughts between
Our lovers passed—this humble verse
 Must briefly close the scene.

In prayer to Heaven for grace, new force
 She found in duty's voice,
In prayer to Heaven, the only source
 To guide the rightful choice.

His doom from her in sore distress
 Unwillingly he hears,
Then fled and left her motionless,
 Like Niobe all tears.

She reached her home at last, with rest
 'Twas needful she should meet,
The same kind hand that nerved her breast
 Then nerved her feeble feet.

END OF PART I.

EDRED AND ELLA,
OR
THE LILY OF THE VALE.
PART II.

EDRED AND ELLA,

PART II.

FULL lovely is the cheek, whose hue
 May rival e'en the rose's;
And from the lily's freshness too
 Transparence clear discloses.

Thus decked in health, a mother's pride
 Beholds a daughter's face
Like this, and thinks the world beside
 Can't equal her in grace.

Soon sees a mother's watchful eye
 Wan grief her child approach,
And death's pale flag she can descry
 Insidiously encroach.

When day by day their children faint,
That deep though silent woe
Ah! who can adequately paint
Which hearts parental know?

But if to health kind Heaven restore
Those ties that bind to earth,
For joy they think of pain no more
And hail a dearer birth.

To see poor Ella pale with woe
Her mother deeply rues,
That only treasure left below
'Twas hers to fear she'd lose.

"She never told her love"—were sealed
Those lips the tale to speak,
And "like a worm" the thought concealed
"Preyed" on her faded "cheek."

Poor mother! yield not to thy pain,
He who in darkness shrouds
Yon sky, can brightly bring again
His sun from darkest clouds.

One morn when all around was sweet,
With fond maternal care,
She led her Ella forth to meet
The genial early air.

A horseman met them, stopped, and said,
"Your pardon; Who could fail
"At one slight glance to know the maid
"Called "Lily of the Vale.?"

"Yet paler art thou than the flower
"Whose elegance is thine,
"Thou droop'st—for thee a brighter hour
"Full soon will gladly shine.

"Earl Merton greets ye well by me
"His Page, and bade me say
"He begs this night your company
"To see a gala gay.

"What though the rich be there in dress
"Of jewelled pride, they'd fail
"To match in simple loveliness
"The "Lily of the Vale."

“Then come, let vain ones learn from you
“No foreign aid to seek,
“What paint is like the native hue
“In artless beauty’s cheek?”

He said, then bowed, and gave the rein,
And spurred the horse to fly;
Thus youthful horsemen think they gain
Applause in beauty’s eye.

Why Ella’s mother deemed that they
Would give this wish assent,
’Twere needless here the cause to say,
Suffice it, that they went.

And there how beautiful the sight!
Which met them in the way;
Ten thousand coloured lamps gave light
More brilliant than the day;

About the stately trees they hung
In triple rows that grew,
And more than dazzling brilliance flung
Around each avenue.

Anon a lambent blaze would seem
To drop as 'twere from high,
And prove the golden shower no dream
Of poet's phantasy.

Here lamps like precious stones give light
From every branch and stem,
And shine with varied flames more bright
Than e'en the brightest gem.

Here emeralds, rubies, topaz pour
Their dazzling tints around,
'Their softened hues are shadowed o'er
The variegated ground.

If such the scene *without* was one
Admiring praise to win,
How gorgeous that which fell upon
The sight from halls *within*!

Ev'n Phæbus' temple in its blaze
Than this was scarce more bright,
The storehouse of those fulgent rays
To day dispensing light.

And there midst garlands sweet and soft
To soothe each dazzled eye,
A fountain threw its streams aloft
And played refreshingly.

And music's charm was added too,
True charm by all confessed,
Which gives to joy a brighter hue
And soothes the troubled breast.

The way to deeds of glory shows,
To pity turns the mind;
And warms the quickened blood of those
To gaiety inclined.

Anon—which tunes the soul to love
Bids tears of feeling flow,
And sheds o'er homage paid above
A purer, holier glow.

And voices which with music's sound
Can harmonize so well,
In tuneful concert there were found
With melody to swell.

Man's voice is like the cat'racts rush,
Astonishing around;
Woman's like gentle stream to hush
Pleased ears with limpid sound.

Ah melody! thine is the key
To ope the human heart;
And dull are breasts, which e'en to thee
No sympathy impart.

'Twas mercy first that strung the lyre
For mortal solace given,
And music swells the harmonious choir
With holy mirth in Heaven.

And this the song with which the dome
Resounded from on high;
Whilst echo seemed from nameless home
Each voice to multiply.

THE SONG.

What pleasure can rank the possessor afford
Of lands and of wealth and of grandeur the lord
 If beauty be wanting to share them?
E'en Eden's fair garden was running to waste,
Its beautiful garlands were culled without taste,
 Till beauty appeared to prepare them.

Temptation 'gainst duty may offer a claim
To beauty's young choice, and 'twere well for her fame
 To turn a deaf ear to the call;
If woman to duty, devotion had shewn
When Eden and all its fair joys were her own
 She ne'er would have lost them at all.

The tempter his promise may keep to the sound
But false to the sense by his dupes will be found
 A thorn 'neath the rose lies concealed;
Though stormy at first duty's path may appear,
The bright sun of hope soon the prospect will cheer,
 And the haven of rest is revealed.

Let rank then take beauty to give a true zest
To treasures oft wanting in worth when possessed,
They brighten again when she smiles;
But let rank remember to press to the heart
That beauty which wisely has chosen the part
Of *duty* 'gainst *pleasure's* soft wiles.

'Twas Merton's spousals all declared,
But who the happy bride;
For whom this gala was prepared
With all the pomp of pride?

"She's here" a lordly gallant cried,
And Ella's hand he pressed,
"She's here a true and envied bride
"If Merton's vow be blessed.

"By those perchance she may be scorned
"In outward show that boast
"But beauty's test is unadorned
"To be adorned the most.

She heard no more, her brain whirled round,
In vain she tried to speak;
She must have sunk upon the ground
Had Merton's arm been weak.

And there like lily 'neath the storm
She bent her drooping head;
Earl Merton pressed that beauteous form
To all perception dead.

Unconscious long at length she woke,
And could she be so blessed?
One kiss much more than volumes spoke,
'Twas EDRED'S lip that pressed.

"Thou'rt fairest of the fair" he cried,
"And truest of the true,
"And if in woman ought beside
"Be good 'tis best in you.

"Let scoffers women then condemn,
"And paltry malice shew,
"Alas the *best* nought know of them
"The worst they only know.

“Thy duty’s true reward to claim
“Thou well the right hast gained;
“If *that* thou’lt deck with such a name
“By EDRED’S love attained.

“Its brightest gem, its purest pearl,
“His coronet will see
“If thou’lt accept what Merton’s Earl
“Thine EDRED offers thee.

“Thy humble birth by haughty rank
“Perchance will be decried,
“Though still that lowliness I thank
“Which thus thy worth has tried.”

“Earl Merton may too much assume!”
Her Mother now exclaimed,
“There’s none that walks this lordly room
“For lineage more famed.

“In birth to meet e’en pride’s desire
“To thee she scarce will yield,
“A belted Baron was her sire
“Who fell in Bosworth field.

“By base and false chicanery
“My lands to knaves were given,
“And all they left to solace me
“Was this sweet child and Heaven.

“Then take her, Earl, she’s good and fair
“And noble is her birth,
“I give no trifle to thy care
“My only wealth on earth.”

With flower so sweet and worthy blessed
Could Merton’s rapture fail?
And flourished in his manly breast
The “LILY OF THE VALE,”

END OF EDRED AND ELLA.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

HORATIUS AND VIRGINIA.

A ROMAN STORY.

Off' fancy roams to ages long gone by,
And on her tablet paints a pictured scene;
Till wrap't, the soul in vivid phantasy
Seems to exist with those which once have been.

Thus—Greece and Rome in all their ancient glory,
With temples, statues, porticoes—arise;
And Heroes, now which only live in story,
Start into being to our wond'ring eyes.

Where are ye now? that once magnific pile
Lies sad and mouldering to time's wild crush;
And 'midst those ruins vegetate awhile
A race for whom their ancestors would blush.

Ere yet the Roman empire 'gan to fall
Beneath its own unmanageable fame,
When Heathen persecution raged on all
Professing faith in the Redeemer's name.

Horatius and Virginia were a pair
Of youthful Romans bound by love's soft chain;
But love too oft builds castles in the air
Which beauteous though they be, no substance gain.

Horatius had become a Christian,—she
Fain would content herself with ancient rites;
A maiden fresh in youth and gaiety
Dream'd but of youth, thought but of youth's delights.

But full of danger was the faith he held,
A faith he'd *then* not yield, and scorned to hide;
Though much by threats, and more by bribes impelled,
The bribe of loved Virginia as his Bride.

And youthful life is very dear, e'en they
That look beyond the grave must still confess;
How dearer then! if woman cheers the way,
Adds to our joy, and makes our sorrow less.

In flight Horatius was induced to go,
The utmost to Virginia's wish he'd yield;
And faith to her, which still in weal or woe
He swore to keep, upon her lips he sealed.

Oh! when two hearts that truly, fondly love
Are first compelled by cruel fate to sever,
Whilst the life blood along the veins shall move
That throb! that pang! they can forget it—never.

How bore Horatius this severe distress?
Alas! full soon to worldly hopes declined
He did return,—but sad and spiritless,
For duty now no longer nerved his mind.

Virginia's hand he claim'd—"there's nothing now,"
He cried "to thwart our mutual happiness;
"Ob keep with me the consecrated vow,
"Which unfulfilled would leave life comfortless.

"I've bartered sacred truth and faith for thee,
"For earthly joys, (I shudder whilst I speak,)
"I've sold my hopes of blest eternity;—
"Can love like this be spiritless and weak?"

“Alas!” she said in slow and solemn tone,
“That sacred faith, thou basely hast denied,
“With all its perils claims me as its own;—
“I could not be a false apostate’s bride.

“Yet that same faith to thee would bid me tell
“In gentle terms a sentence that must grieve;
“I yet would bid a kind, a fond farewell
“To one whom now I must for ever leave.

“When last you left me strong in that belief
“Which then I honored though to truth was blind,
“How little thought I that a term so brief
“So soon could change the temper of my mind.

“You knew me then a gay and giddy girl
“Reckless, untaught her wishes to restrain;
“I had not found that precious goodly pearl,
“To which all else were valueless and vain.

“A venerable sage, whom *late* you knew,
“Has taught me tidings more than mortal blest;
“How will he grieve, alas! when told that you
“Whom ’erst he praised fell faithless to the test!

“In accents not upbraiding let me speak;
“I’m watch’d and known, and vain are hopes of flight
“In such a cause, methinks to me though weak,
“The Martyr’s death were terrorless and bright.
“Then fare thee well, thou’rt safe, and that’s a ray
“Of hope, to one who still must think of thee;
“I’d fain look forward to a brighter day,
“But *that* in happier worlds than this must be.”

She said, and left him, whilst the word “Farewell”
Seem’d as it were to paralyze his frame,
Earth looked to him as hopeless as a hell,
Bereft of love, religion, and good name.

The same old man, who once had been his guide,
To lead him gently in the paths of truth,
To calm him now, not unsuccessful tried,
In *this* the first great sorrow of his youth.

And oh! ’tis sad when o’er the first fair light
Of youth, an envious cloud comes mantling on;
One could have hoped, a morn so gaily bright
Would scarcely thus so speedily have gone.

That is not friendship, which in gladsome hours
Can share the jest, but flies when grief is near,
But *that* is friendship, which when fortune lowers
Will soothe the heart, and shed the mutual tear.

Yes, that is friendship, which like silver tried,
Is proved beyond the mere external gloss,
By stern adversity is purified,
The true distinguished from the useless dross.

Horatius listened to the good old man,
Who bade him look beyond a world like this,
And taught that ev'n on earth's uncertain span
For him might glimmer yet a ray of bliss.

Meantime the weight of persecution's power
Virginia's youth proved feeble to allay,
Nor would she like some recreants, in the hour
Of persecution basely fall away.

Religion! oh! how falsely has thy name
Been used to cover cruelty and guilt!
That sent to soothe has kindled oft a flame,
And meant to calm the blood, that blood has spilt.

E'en *that Religion*, which its Author saw
Full of good will and peace to all the world,
By human madness changed—the dart of war
And savage violence, alas! has hurled.

Not light from darkness can be more apart
Than violence from the Divine command;
The Christian spirit dwelling in the heart
Was never meant to nerve the bigot's hand.

Virginia had incurred the utmost rage
Of heathen superstition, and 'twere vain
In that dark unenlightened savage age
More mercy than the tiger gives, to gain.

And he who had converted her, and taught
A wandering lamb to find the Shepherd's fold,
With her to cruel death was also brought,
Fell persecution spared nor young, nor old.

And like an ancient oak he firmly stood
Undaunted, though the lightning glanced around,
Whilst she like ivy borne by stronger wood
Her arms round him for succour meekly wound.

But ere the fatal axe had fallen, though keen
Yet a sure remedy for mortal care,
And those who oft had witnessed such a scene
Still could not witness *this* with reckless air.

“Hold hold!” an agonizing voice exclaimed,
“I’m here my shame a recreant to atone
“By not one tongue, apostate guilt be blamed
“So deeply, fearfully as by my own.

“I’m still a Christian, still my faith avow,
“On me your prey the dogs of death let slip,
“If those blest Martyrs will a wretch allow
“To die in such a hallowed fellowship.”

“He stands confest,” the Pretor fiercely cried,
“Can justice further evidence desire?
“Ye Lictors? let the criminal be tied,
“The Gods and Rome his punishment require.”

But hark! a trumpet sound! the dust flew high,
The clang of arms and tramp of horse was heard;
“The Emperor! the Emperor!” was then the cry,
And thousands echoed back the dreaded word.

“We come to spare the Christian blood” he said,
“We come to vindicate the Roman fame,
“Enough has flowed to fill the Tiber’s bed
“And tinge its waters with a blush for shame.

“Rome’s Eagles ’neath a mightier standard quail,
“The holy cross that glittered in the sky;
“And hearts which never fail’d before, must fail
“Appalled in presence of the Deity,

“No longer now in persecution driven
“To rocks and caves to find precarious home,
“Shall that religion be which came from Heaven,
“But find its Temple in imperial Rome.”

And those devoted sufferers were freed,
Whom instant death to claim its prey had seemed;
For them when mercy’s sentence was decreed,
All that they’d heard oh! had they more than dreamed

Unlooked for bliss does almost pain impart,
And joy oft has the same effect as grief,
Each has the power to overcharge the heart
Till tears afford to nature kind relief.

And first, when sense returned, 'twas their's to raise
The hymn of thanks, and hearts then bowed the knee;
Oh! Heaven receives one pure true throb of praise
More than the loud long prayers of bigotry.

And that old man then took the hands of both,
And joining them, "too glad I bid farewell,
"But ere I go, I bless your early troth;"
He cried, and sinking on the ground he fell.

And when they raised him with the Lictor's aid,
Their friend, their guide, their comforter was dead;
Whilst a sweet smile still o'er his features played,
Back to his Maker had his spirit fled.

But could they grieve for him? he passed in bliss,
Had heard the sacred faith he loved, confess;
Since earth could give no other joy like this,
In holy hope his soul flew to the blest.

His dying wish was sacred—blissful were
The Christian lovers in their wedded life;
Rome boasted then at least one happy pair,
Horatius with Virginia as his wife.

THE VOICE OF HER I LOVE.

—

'Tis sweet to hear the nightingale
When gently beams the light
Just pouring through a dewy veil
From planets of the night.

'Tis sweet the melody to hear
Which syren Stephens gives,
Appollo's self, defeat may fear
A gentler Orpheus lives,

'Tis sweet to hear when care's resigned
And peaceful quiet dwells
At even softly down the wind
The distant merry bells.

'Tis sweet to hear persuasion flow
From lips of eloquence;
Truth more divine it seems to show
And more than mortal sense.

Thus spoke Demosthenes when Greeks
More merited the name,
But now when oratory speaks
To them, it speaks in shame.

'Tis sweet to hear ten thousand sounds
Of nature and of art,
But tell me that which most rebounds
With rapture to the heart.

'Tis not for mortal ear to know,
Seraphic music from above;
But what can sound so sweet below
To make the throb of pleasure glow
It is "*the voice of her I love.*"

That voice—that voice—and shall I hear
Its magic tones once more?
'Tis magic—for it bids appear
The spirits dead before.

Upon her lips the bees delight
Their flowery sweets to bring,
They drop their honey in their flight
But never leave a sting.

I would not have another blessed
By soothing words of thine,
I would not have thy ear adressed
By any tongue but mine.

There are—whose glory 'tis—a train
Of flatterers to see,
Applause from gaping fools to gain,—
They'd meet with none from me.

And why is this? I'll tell thee why,
(I would not harshly blame)
I cannot bear the laughing eye
That smiles on all the same.

I could not bear to hear thy voice
In accents sweet to all.
Choose *one*—Who would refuse the choice
On whom that choice should fall?

All shew by tribute of the *hand*
 How well they play their part,
 But thou art able to command
 The tribute of the *heart*.

Mine ears with music's charms to bless
 As from the spheres above
 Let me but hear exclaim, "Oh yes"
The voice of her I love.

I almost think that I could die
 Could I but hear exclaim,
 That voice just broken by a sigh
 Of pity o'er my name.

And should that voice I love so well,
 Too sweet be deemed for human lays,
 Be called away on high to swell
 Angelic chorusses which tell
 In harmony Jehovah's praise;

E'en then upon the tablet of the mind
 The thought will rest which time can never move;
 E'en then the memory no sound will find
 So cherished as "*the voice of her I love.*"

THE ROSEBUD SHE GAVE ME.

The Rosebud she gave me has borrowed fresh sweets
Since it gracefully hung on the tree,
Its odour my senses more gratefully greets
More bright seems its colour to be.
From her it has gained this additional zest
As her elegant form o'er it bent,
Her breath with fresh sweetness its perfume has blest,
Her lips their vermillion have lent.

The Rosebud to her I with truth may compare
As blushing she opens to day,
Whilst all who behold a creation so fair
The tribute of praise love to pay.
Yet not like the Rosebud so brief be the date
Ere the night veils her charms in the shade
Too often we find from the envy of fate
That the fairest most swiftly will fade.

THE PRIMROSE.

The Primrose is dim but it still is the same
As when my loved Magdalen gave it,
And none but the breast of the cruel could blame
That tenderest care which shall save it.

The Primrose was bright, when it grew in the field,
Where I stood with my dearest alone;
She gathered the plant which refused not to yield
To a touch full as soft as its own.

The Primrose is dim, but my dearest is bright,
Still flashes her innocent eye,
Though clouds will at last overshadow that light
When my love like the primrose must die.

The Primrose is dim, how decayed is its bloom,
Its beauty how withered and scant,
No more shall its odour the zephyr perfume,
No more shall its sweetness enchant.

The Primrose is mine, though 'tis faded away,
Thrice sweet 'twill continue to be;
My heart will remember there once was a day
When my Magdalen gave it to me.

So e'en if death's dart her loved breast should transfix,
The corpse of my love should I kiss;
Still then a half pleasure with anguish would mix
When I thought of past moments of bliss.

THE LIGHT OF MY EYES.

Dull and dark are the hours which the Greenlander
knows;

When the sun deigns no aid to his region of frost,
But duller and darker my sweetest are those

Which I feel when "the light of my eyes" I have
lost.

Since the ray that I love, now not blesses the clime

Which *with it* is Eden, *without it* a waste;

I too shall desert till a happier time,

And fly to thy beams with a lover's own haste,

W O M A N ' S S M I L E .



Ev'n that which need but ask--to gain
The virtuous and the vile;
Increases pleasure, lessens pain—
Sweet woman's winning smile!

A BEAM FROM THE EYE WE LOVE.



'Tis sweet to watch the sunny ray
Expel the noxious damps of night,
Fast drive the blackened clouds away
And shine around with brilliant light;
'Tis sweeter far that beam to see
Which flashes from the eye we love,
A beam to match in extacy
Bliss treasured in the realms above;
That beam can dry the tender tear
Which flows from lovers in despair,
That beam the wounded heart can cheer,
And soothe the wrinkled front of care.

COMMON FAME.



It chanced that once upon a time
A certain prince possessed a clime
O'er which he held despotic sway,
Save that he also must obey
(For all authority is brief)
Another and a greater chief.

This prince concocted certain rules
Which wise men kept, neglected fools,
Thus aptly governed, all might find
The state for happiness designed.

Now had this prince been aye content
No bow of mischief had been bent,

Nor would an arrow e'er been found
To dart with trouble all around.
But thinking that the laws thus given
Though kept might surely lead to Heaven,
Yet still by *foolish wisdom* led
And *vanity* which turns the head,
He thought some other laws to give
By which thrice surely men might live.

Thus prudeful monks at papal Rome
With daring folly do assume,
Man's trivial talents over-rate
And think they supererogate,
Whilst if they left alone such stuff
They'd find that they would have enough,
And more than they could well afford
To do—if duty were there lord.

Ten thousand novel rules to vex,
To worry, bully, and perplex,
This prince proclaimed in gaudy strain,
And showed to every subject's pain
Addition is not always gain.

To prove the moral of my verse
Before the end must I rehearse.
The world itself is *here* designed,
The people, all of human kind,
The prince, the voice of "*common fame*,"
Which though 'tis really but a name
Yet holds a stern despotic sway,
And those who laugh at—still obey.
Although in homage it must fall
Before the great Supreme of all,
Subservient to His mandate bow
And His authority allow,
Yet adds strict laws and regulation
Of universal obligation,
To fetter youth, embitter life,
To shorten bliss, engender strife.
Wer't not for this, how glad might I
A thousand harmless pleasures try ;
Her voice whilst nature gives for them
Religion's self might not condemn ;
But "*common fame*" no sense to show
Will only say "*sans raison*"—No!

If "*common fame*" should build a shrine

To Baal, still to bow is thine;
No matter what her *public voice*
Should deign to utter as her choice,
'Tis vain to make a fuss about it
Thy *private voice* is wind without it.
For reason (which is useless stuff)
Her "ipsa dixit" is enough.

The muse, impartial, not denies
The public voice is sometimes wise,
Which fools and knaves alone condemn
When truly it exposes them.
But 'tis when for some little cause
That "*common fame*" imposes laws;
When *morals* in no danger lie
Except from her hypocrisy,
'Tis then a monstrous shame I swear
That we coercive chains must bear,
Chains by a bugbear formed to bind
The native freedom of the mind,
And bring beneath a common rule
The young, the old, the wise, the fool.

I need not now the verse prolong

To bring examples of my song,
I only ask each one to say
If what I write be true, or nay.
If ever some delightful plan
Offending neither God nor man,
Unwillingly has been denied
And foolishly been laid aside,
Because some noodle may declare,
“Lord how the people all would stare
“To see a wandering rebel stray
“So widely from the *common way*.”

’Twere very wise if I and you,
When reason and religion too
Oppose not what we wish to do,
The path we like best should pursue,
Scorn the remarks, nor dread the blame
Of disappointed “*common fame*;
Ne’er ask the *public voice* about it,
But shew that we can do without it.

FATE.

—

“This is the King, Sir Knight! why dost thou pause?
The book of Fate, Sir, is a curious work,
Promiscuous, varied in its histories.
The pages finished told a mournful tale:
The story of to day is humourous,
To-morrow may unfold a tragedy
Of tears.”

ROSABELLE.

Hear in yonder far recess
Sheltered by the hanging grove,
Rosabelle alone express
Sorrow caused by hapless love.
Louis once walked virtue's way,
Pleased to be esteemed so well,
Fast the moments of the day
Flew with dearest Rosabelle.

Pleasures' luring nets are found,
Treach'rous friends seduce the youth,
Honour daily loses ground,
Falsehood soon succeeds to truth.
"Hence" to Rosabelle he cries
"Woman's voice I scorn to hear,"

Deeds of infamy he tries,
Fearless in his mad career.

Justice for her victim calls,
Her commands must all obey,
Louis unrepenting falls
Thoughtless in the bandit fray.
Cease poor Rosabelle! to mourn.
Vacant madness fills her eyes;
See! her frame by anguish torn
Faintly totters, sinks, and dies.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY
ABOUT TO JOIN HER HUSBAND
IN INDIA.

Blest was the law Divine, that kindly taught
The sacred compact made 'twixt man and wife,
With mercy was the holy mandate fraught
Which gave the kindest, softest die to life.

The morn of life ere yet the early sun
His potent reign o'er time has widen'd more,
In childhood's fleeting course is calmly run
And pain, if pain it is, is quickly o'er.

'Tis there the greatest joy on earth we meet,
Most full of pleasure, most resembling bliss;
The sound most dear, the touch most truly sweet,
A loving parent's voice, a parent's kiss.

The time will come when other thoughts oppress,
 When clouds of grief anon veil pleasure's beam,
 When flows not joy, except severe distress
 Out-pours its waters through the self-same stream.

Will any say that free from hostile winds
 The tree of love to full perfection grew?
 Instructed by experience he finds
 That which he said, not natural nor true.

If firm amidst conflicting shocks it stands,
 If strongly rooted in sincerity,
 More healthfully to life its growth expands,
 Its fruit more sweet, more durable will be.

'Tis love, which soon the mastery will gain
 O'er former thoughts of childhood's calmer day;
 'Tis love with painful pleasure, pleasing pain,
 Opens a new scene in life's eventful play.

And right and natural it is that those
 Whose double bosom but one soul contains,
 Whose every thought reciprocally flows,
 Whose joys are mutual, mutual too their pains.

That two such beings should together range
 Through flood and field, blest in the tender friend,
 Through lands well known, or o'er the desert strange,
 Though clouds should threaten, and the storm
 descend.

Though deep and almost boundless seas divide
 Them from the land where once their childhood
 played,
 No matter *where* the course if *love* be guide,
 No matter *what* the home that *love* has made.

Though early friends are left that still are dear,
 And to remembrance more than doubly kind,
 If *one that's dearer far than all*—be near,
 All else is calmly, gently left behind.

'Tis thus a more than mortal voice declares,
 "Let man e'en leave the author of his life,
 "Resigning former thoughts and former cares,
 "Let him with rapture cleave unto his wife.

"So firmly let this union be combined,
 "First formed by love, cemented by esteem,
 "Each to the others wishes so resigned
 "That two together but one flesh shall seem."

Thou! whom these lines *sincere* though *weak*, address,
 A part hast chosen not unmixed with pain,
 Yet would thy heart not scruple to confess
 Were it to choose, 'twould choose the same again.

This bids us say—though not without regret,
 Yet not unwillingly—farewell to *you*;
 Perhaps 'twere better we had never met,
 'Tis hard at all events to say —*Adieu!*

Yet go in peace—let not our selfishness
 Thy course attempt one moment to delay,
 To wish thee gone is not to love thee less,
 To wish thee gone is for thy good to pray.

Then go in peace—*he* whom thou could'st approve,
 Is worthy even of a heart like thine,
 For surely from his true, his changeless love
 Thou'lt meet with more than all thou must resign.

Some brave the dangers of the sea and shore,
In search of gold and jewels never matched,
Thy object far exceeds the precious ore,
Or pearls of Araby—a *heart attached*.

'Tis this that bids us, though thou'rt truly loved,
When thou must leave us, e'en forbear to weep,
Although from us thou'lt be as far removed
As that vast shore washed by the furthest deep.

ANTICIPATION.



Majestic on the throne of Heaven
God rules in undisputed state,
To mortal sight it is not given
To view the sacred book of fate.
Fain would I read one single page
Recorded in that work of truth;
Fain would I know if after age
Will realize the dreams of youth.

EDRED AND JULIA.

Desponding the brows of the warrior chiefs

As they sate at the council full gloomily frowned,
Till the Monarch exclaimed "away with our griefs

Let despair in the full flowing goblet be drowned,
I drink to the Hero whate'er his degree

Who the standard in conquest again shall upraise,
An earldom the noble requital shall be,

And the hand of my niece the rich guerdon conveys.

Not the vet'ran chiefs to their King could reply

Ere a youth who could scarce twenty summers
have seen,

Exclaimed with a loud and inspiring cry,

"Not the Earldom, but *Julia* ennobles the mean."

The standard he seized not a moment was lost,
To the soldiers he cried, "let us now wash away
"Both defeat and disgrace, the blood of yon host
"Shall the debt which they owe us full speedily
pay.

Soon the battle commenced and many a heart
Which the morn called to life morn shall ne'er
call again,
And many a breast ere the sunbeams depart
Feels but little distinction 'twixt pleasure and pain.
To triumphs wild shout as the echo replies,
The Princess appears with dispirited mind,
The Victor approaches, one look met her eyes,
T'was Edred, she found then that fate could be kind.

THE SABINE VIRGIN.

—
RECITATIVE.

Of Sabine virgins Vella was the flower,
Sweet as the dew drop which the gentle shower
Leaves on the bosom of the early rose,
And o'er the air its freshened odour throws.

AIR.

When Sabine virgins by the aid
Of fraud and falsehood were betrayed,
 Poor Vella's pleading shrieks and cries
Met ears as heedless as the air;
 Her heaving breast, her speaking eyes,
 Although they told her agonies,

Told also she was passing fair,
Her struggle did but fan the fire,
Not pity for her fate inspire.

RECITATIVE.

No soft remorse the iron Romans felt,
Nor knew their hardened hearts the way to melt,
In jealous strife by them is Vella torn,
A choice of evils rests for her forlorn,

AIR

But one who saw the savage fray,
With pity also saw the prey,
 And saved her from the hounds who knew
No other joy but to devour;
 Whilst he from whose revenge they flew,
 As brave as kind, as kind as true,
Shewed clemency as well as power,
By him her capture she forgives
And in his living only—lives.

MY HEART'S NO LONGER MINE TO
GIVE.

“My heart’s no longer mine to give,”

Fair Ellen cried, and Edmund heard,
And fain he would have ceased to live
Ere wounded by that cruel word.

“Ah false one! must I then repeat

“How—thwarted by a parent’s will,
“From thee, with lagging lingering feet
“I tore a heart that loves thee still?

“How—two long gloomy years I’ve sped

“In weary pilgrimage distress,
“Though still thy parting glance has fed
“A ray of hope within my breast.

MY HEART'S NO LONGER MINE TO GIVE. 68

“And now when parent’s bless my choice,
“Thou say’st that heart’s no longer thine;
“Love never echoes duty’s voice,
“They never, never can combine.”

“My heart’s no longer mine, and thou”
She cried “must struggle with the pain;
I gave it thee, if worthless now,
“Perhaps *thou’lt give it me again.*”

LINES,
ADDRESSED TO MISS C. D. WHO KINDLY GAVE
A DESIGN TO ILLUSTRATE ONE OF THE
AUTHOR'S POEMS.

Yes Lady! lovely is the art
Thou hast, which with a magic spell
Can charm the eye, and touch the heart,
And bid the throb of pleasure swell.

Thou, when thou read'st th'historic page,
Of those who long in dust have lain,
May'st call the forms of distant age
To breathe, as 'twere in life again.

'Tis pleasant thus to illustrate
Past times, the memory renew
Of deeds that once were good and great,
And bid them rise again to view.

On poesy thou canst bestow
A claim to favor and regard;
My humble lays at least will owe
More to the linner, than the bard.

If distance should true friends divide
And painful absence vexes yet,
Though on their memory abide
The features they can scarce forget;

The art thou hast, to those who grieve,
Brings in itself a solace pure,
The painter's skill will oft relieve
The pain it cannot wholly cure.

The well dissembled portrait may
Th' imagination tranced deceive,
And fascinate the visual ray
With spell so strong, one can believe

That the loved features, which we trace
Seem' life and motion to acquire,
And smiles around that well-known face
Play with a quick Promethean fire.

Sure, none will envy thee the fame
For which thy talents fairly call,
Since modesty improves the claim
Thou hast to well earned praise from all.

To be enjoyed by self alone
Thy pencil thou wilt not permit,
But more for others, than thine own
Delight, thou kindly usest it.

LINES,
 ADDRESSED TO THOSE WHO AFFIRM THAT IN-
 NOCENT AMUSEMENTS ARE INCONSISTENT
 WITH RELIGION.

HIS yoke is easy, and *His* burden light !

Why add a weight then *not its own* ?

He brought *glad* tidings in His Gospel bright !

Why seek for *gloom*, where there is none ?

Why strive to limit mercy's boundless round ?

For this, why use contention's pen !

Our hopes of Heaven, on this rock we found,

"Glory to God, good will tow' rds men."

LINES WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF
A YOUNG LADY IN HER ALBUM.

When asked in thy album, fair Lady! to write,
I'm puzzled to find an appropriate theme;
My wits, when I beg for the aid of their light,
Are dark, or at best give a flickering gleam.

E'en so, the poor traveller o'er the wild heath,
Benighted, in dread of ravines, glides about,
And trusts to his lantern to guide him from death,
Which cruelly, just as he wants it goes out.

Wilt thou deign to accept then a gloomy dull lay,
Quite wanting the light, wit possesses to lend?
For wit seems so coy, she refuses one ray,
The wandering bard in his task to befriend.

If I speak of yourself, you'll tell me 'tis vain,
In your album to read your own praises forsooth,
And if on yourself I should venture a strain,
The language of praise is the language of truth.

Then I trust you'll allow me fair Lady! to say
That could I write worthy your album, I would;
Wit refuses to guide me at all in the way,
You *shan't* have a *bad* thing, I *can't* write a *good*.

ON A CORN FLOWER PAINTED BY A
YOUNG LADY.

Fair emblem of simplicity !

Canst thou the poets tribute claim ?

Are laudatory odes for thee

Designed to deck thy humble name ?

Yes ! little flower of the field,

Though simple, thou art worthy too,

And should the Muse to asking yield,

I'll dedicate one lay to you.

How many thoughts the active mind,

When thou art viewed may well suggest !

And eyes contemplative may find

Much food for feeling in the breast.

Who when he sees thee ! but surveys
In his "mind's eye" the cornfield glow ;
And hears a grateful people praise,
The God who bade the seed to grow !

Who when he sees thee ! whether bound
In cities populous to dwell ;
Or far removed the wished for ground,
Can only hear the Ocean's swell.

Who when he sees thee thus pourtrayed,
But memory leads him back again ;
With painful pleasure to the glade,
Where youth led on her sportive train.

Where—how delightful 'twas to view,
The golden vallies, verdant hills ;
Where nought the youthful mind could rue
Beyond its trifling, transient—ills.—

Where oft, when seen, the glorious bow
Of God's compassion in the sky ;
Quick through the field, would childhood go,
To gain where seemed its end to lie ;

And there as fabled stories speak,
The golden bow would think to gain ;
Apt moral ! that for wealth to seek
Is oft a search both wild and vain.

Where—oft would pluck some tiny hand,
Thy bloom, wild flower ! from its bed,
And others mixed would form a band,
As nature's garland round the head.

But contemplation e'en sublime,
The ground which gives thee birth supplies ;
Such thoughts as my unworthy rhyme
Must fail to give, howe'er it tries.

How when the blest REDEEMER deigned,
For us to leave the realms on high,
By Man's injurious treatment pained,
He loved the corn-field's path to try.

There as HE plucked the ears of corn,
Not e'en a reed His blame would call ;
What then created shall we scorn ?
Since Hands Almighty made them all.

Then emblem of simplicity!

Since thou such powers dost possess ;
Let thoughtless persons value thee,
The haughty learn to scorn thee less.

I love the taste that was content,

For gaudier colors not inclined ;
To pay thee thus high compliment,
I'm sure it shows an artless mind.

Yes ! little flower of the field !

Thou'rt worthy of thy painter's art ;
Her share I wish, the Muse may yield
To deck ye both, with all my heart,

THE GREEK WIFE.

I was torn from my home, my country, and friends,
When war's cruel licence had severed each tie,
When a heavier fate oft the vanquished attends
Than to end their *distresses* at once, and—to die.

They sold me, aye truly, they sold me—a slave,
A Princess!—descended from Nobles, whose breath
In Marathon's phalanx once cheered on the brave,
To chuse life with *freedom*, or freedom in death.

They sold me for gold, and if vain I could be
In a contract so base, my charms were thought great,
But gold cannot purchase *the heart* that is free
Though the body that *holds it*, must yield to its fate.

Ah! said I that gold could not purchase the heart?

Of gold's fascination, *mine* stood not the test,
Though ne'er could a freer indignantly start

At the thoughts of *base lucre*, than beats in this
breast.

'T'was a small ring of gold—and happy wives know

When hearts thus are bartered—we brook well the
theft,

I found that the ring, could this virtue bestow,

Though it captured *my heart*, yet *another* was left.

THE ROSE AND FORGET ME NOT.

'Twixt a lily and rose once a contest ensued,
And for flowers so gentle the quarrel waxed rude ;
Nor words full of anger there lacked.
Each contended which best had a right to adorn,
The bright charms of a beauty effulgent as morn,
Which most should her notice attract.

At length cried the rose "this contention is vain,
Together the most admiration to gain,
Let the rose and the lily combine."
"Not so," said the lily, whilst paler she grew,
"You know that you covet my delicate hue
To soften what's vulgar in thine,"

"Vain thing," said the Beauty who heard the debate,
 "Thy envy and pride shall I now learn to hate,
 Though in grace with the rose you may vie;
 That blush, which her modesty tenderly shows,
 Endears to my heart and affections the rose,
 Whilst she equally pleases the eye."

"A rival in favor the rose not disdains,
 Whilst envy but with the pale lily remains,
 'Till she learns vain ideas to resign;
 Yon little "*forget me not*" shunning the gaze,
 Unenvying honor, and courting not praise,
 With the "*rose*" in a wreath shall combine."

As the "*rose*" then, let beauty like modesty show,
 The "*forget me not*" benefits too may bestow,
 And a lesson worth conning may prove,
 When in absence, friends distant she brings to the
 mind,
 E'en fidelity, constancy, all that is kind,
 She bids us remember and love.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE PORTRAIT
OF A "SMILING LADY."

And why that smile? I never see
A lovely Woman's features glow,
With gleams of pleasure, but in me
Is formed a wish, the cause to know.

Sometimes 'tis like the starry light,
Which gently, calmly sheds its ray;
Or as a meteor of the night,
It darts a glance, but to betray.

How did the crook-backed tyrant boast,
Who "smiled and murdered while he smiled,"
That those who trusted him the most,
By him the most should be beguiled.

E'en Woman too can smile and slay,
And look bewitching—to deceive ;
Still with her victims woe can play,
And torture dotards—who believe.

But there are smiles on Woman's face,
And what more lovely can be known ?
Which e'en seraphic looks might grace,
And Angels claim them for their own.

Such smiles to give, in vain would art,
Or affectation e'er essay,
Such smiles alone 'tis nature's part,
With modest beauty to pourtray.

A smile like this is ever prone,
Pure friendship's mutual joy to bless,
And glows not sweeter for its own,
Than for another's happiness.

Methinks the smile that gives a theme,
To my unworthy humble lyre ;
Bespeaks a heart man would esteem,
And decks a face man must admire.

Perchance some moralists might trace,
That "to her share some errors fall,"
The Poet says "regard her face,"
And censure soon "forgets them all."

Should she these lines who bade me write,
But with a smile the offering greet,
Her smile will give me full delight,
And dearly do I love to see't.

EPITAPH.



Mourn not, the tale of death shall once be told,
From darts of destiny no shield can save;
Though mortals must in agony behold,
Departed friends committed to the grave.

Mourn not—believers ! ye again shall know,
The bliss which here so soon has taken flight,
The torch of rapture shall hereafter glow,
With brilliant, changeless, everlasting light.

AN OPENING ADDRESS TO A LADY'S ALBUM.

Since an opening address to your "Album" is wanted,
My efforts I'll use that your wish may be granted,
But I fear that the verse, since my talents are few,
Wont be worthy the *book*, and how much less of *you*.

I'm greatly perplexed in what mood to essay
This opening address, whether solemn or gay.
Up Helicon's mount to the top shall I climb—
And with fine frenzy struck do a bit of sublime?
The sides of that mountain are slippery I've heard,
And there's oft but one step from sublime to absurd.

Not to mount then on Pegasus winged be the lot
Of the muse that's content with a humble jog trot.

Wilt thou deign to accept this humble endeavour,
 Not thought to be witty, nor meant to be clever!
 A tribute to friendship and feeling designed,
 And trusting its readers to faults will be kind.

Pray pardon me now that a moment I seem
 A little digression to make from my theme,
 Since it leads me to say that an *Album's* the same,
 As we formerly knew as a *Scrap-book* by name;
 But a *Scrap-book* would now only give an idea
 To the Cook of the list of those morsels, I fear
 Which the pampered and rich from their tables reject
 And the poor and the dogs from the surplus collect.

'Tis almost enough to put Job in a passion
 To think how words change in the new fangled fashion.
 A school is a word which is now out of date,
 Except, when among other changes of late,
That room once a *nursery* now's called a *school*
 Where babies are taught to play gambols by rule.
Young ladies established, Mamas used to call
 Well married to beaux, whom they charmed at the
 ball,
Establishments now for *young ladies* are meant

By houses, where girls for instruction are sent;
 Where boards with inscriptions *without* finely wrought
 More letters display than *within* are oft taught.
 If Tinkers and Tailors could once learn to spell,
 To tinker and stitch they were qualified well—
 But *now*, if not *wits*, they are sure to be undone—
 And so for all trades there's a *college* in London.

Half her varying *changes* would fill up these leaves,
 Which *intellect's* wonderful *marching* achieves.
 She may yet march too far, and repulses may meet,
 It were better in time then to sound a retreat.

One word for the Album—whatever applause
 Hereafter may grace it, I fear that its cause
 To my poor exertions but little will owe
 It has them however—as far as they go.

A pleasant variety soon will appear
 In the leaves of this book, like the seasons of year—
 Some portions like Spring, will be airy and light,
 And some like the Summer, so sparkling and bright,
 Some gentle and mild, like the Autumn's soft ray,
 And some sad and gloomy, like Winter's dark day.

Thus melo-dramatic its versatile page
Both tragic and comic will bring on the stage.
For thee! the fair owner! be nothing but Spring,
The light spirit to bear thee thro' life on the wing.
Be the drama in which thou performest a part,
A comedy cheerful and gay to the heart,
And if to its scenes any grief should pertain,
May *thy Partner* be ready to soften the pain.

DRINK FROM THE FOUNT.
A SONG.

Drink from the fount whence Lethe pours
Her dull deep streams from an endless bed ;
Haste to that fount in sorrowing hours,
Drink of its streams, thy sorrows are fled.

Will it delight with sorrow to drown
Visions of happiness now gone by ?
Joys that were once so dearly our own
On memory's tablet should never die.

Drink of the bowl, whence Bacchus throws,
The foaming draught that maddens the brain,
With joy it teems as it freely flows,
Ye who once taste will taste it again.

Fleeting is bliss which the goblet gives,
Its laugh begets full many a sigh;
A dream at best the Bacchinal lives,
But wakes to truth when fated to die.

Drink of the cup of temperate mirth,
By love and true friendship gaily quaffed,
It cheers the heart midst labors of earth,
Drink of this cup 'tis a cordial draught.

Drink from the source whence sacred truth
Pours forth the streams of eternity,
Gifting the spirit with endless youth,
Drink of *this* fount,—thou'lt never die.

A LAY TO DORSET.

To thee, fair Dorset! in thy praise;
I fain would dedicate some lays,
And though the tribute humble be,
Accept a grateful minstrelsy.

Oh! many many happy hours
I've passed among thy fir-clad bowers,
And 'midst those fir-clad bowers yet,
May still some happy hours be met.

How bounds my heart! when first I see
I've reached thy ancient boundary,
'Tis like that pleasure, when we trace
A much loved, well-remembered face,

Which after absence long we meet,
And much it joys again to greet.

Sweet are thy downs whose balmy air
Blows unconfined and boundless there,
In course so free and wild, it brings
Fresh health and spirits on its wings.

Look at the Shepherd-boy who tends
Upon the downs his fleecy friends,
He never sees a costly meal,
No fancied wants 'tis his to feel;
A crust is all he has to eat,
With hunger's sauce to make it sweet.
Ah! when the rich who daily see
Their table spread so sumptuously,
And e'en 'midst plenty's self, regret
That something more is wanted yet,
When they his healthy features trace
Oft envy him his rosy face.
No downy pillow rests his head,
But on an humble pallet bed
'Tis his no watchful hours to keep
For scarce laid down he's fast asleep.

The grateful sleep, the healthy glow,
Are gifts the balmy downs bestow.

If flying London's crowded halls,
'Midst routs, assemblages and balls,
In the soft spring of life, the fair
Would taste the morn-refreshing air,
Just at the time too, when she tries
To doze off last night's revelries,
When the lark o'er the downs is soaring,
His matin song to Heaven's gate pouring,
How soon to beauty's hue 'twould add!
Th' unborrowed lovely tint she had,
Ere dissipation paled it o'er,
That balmy breeze would soon restore,
From art she'd need no foreign grace
For nature's paint would deck her face.

Nor must thy streams, fair Dorset! be
Forgotten in my poesy,
Which in their current dashing o'er
The pebbly bed with mimic roar,
And glittering in the noonday beam
More bright than brightest diamond gleam.

And thine are hills, whose mountain form
Might throw defiance to the storm,
And ere the threat'ning clouds be gone
Might bid their fury still rage on.
I love the hills where busy tread
Of human feet not oft is led.
Where raised above the haunts of men
And far away from vulgar ken,
With other thoughts you may dispense
Than these which tell of nature—thence
Be drawn with wondrous awe to see
The power of nature's Deity.

And Hod and Hamilton! I fain
In praise of ye would tune a strain,
But one that's worthy would require
Than mine a far more tuneful lyre—
Beneath their foot in woody dell
From blast of wind protected well,
Where winds the Stour and adds its aid
To beautify that pleasing glade,
Lies Hanford's soft romantic vale,
Which well might deck the Minstrel's tale.

A model for a country seat,
A snug and quiet calm retreat,
A well adapted resting place
For *manly Worth*, and *female Grace*.

How oft has boyhood's fancy been
Half pleased, half awed, when it has seen,
On Cerne's high hill distinctly traced,
By rude and rustic sculpture graced,
The figure of the giant! who,
(If strange old chronicles be true,)
His ogre tricks atoned at last,
And from that lofty hill was cast;
But vengeful even in his fall
To ruins crushed the abbey wall.

Nor Sydling! can I thee forget?
Dear is that old remembrance yet.
When o'er thy steep green hills I strayed,
In childhood's careless frolics played,
Not knowing—feeling ought to rue,
Enjoyed the moments as they flew.
Oh! let our manhood's fortune be
Whate'er it may, be't ours to see

The pleasures of domestic love—
—A matchless bliss—save that above;
Or should no fond endearing tie
Be ours to bind life's harmony,
Whate'er our fate, wheree'er we roam
To mem'ry dear is early home,
And childhood's hours in joy or pain
Man scarce would fear to try again.

Wide is the view which from the heights
Of Dorset, either way delights;
Here hill 'bove hill, there heathy plain,
But bounded by the hills again;
Brooks pure from mud or noxious weed
Here fertilize the grassy mead;
And there the tower of distant towns
With pleasing change the prospect crowns.
Extended even to the sea
The pleased beholder's eye may be,
And yet beyond, to sight displayed
Ev'n white cliffed islands lend their aid.
With glade and down and forests green
Is viewed the variegated scene.

And if to antiquarian lore
You Dorset's claims would fain explore,
Enough to interest the eye
Appears in ancient tumuli,
Those lasting monuments which tell
That here the brave once fought and fell.
Nor are there wanting vestiges
To shew that the Durotriges,*
Were such as to invasion's power
Not like a coward race would lower ;
But when, though wild in bravery
And born detesting slavery,
To cohorts train'd in battle field
Those tribes at length were forced to yield,
Thus much they gained, by Roman taste
Their town was beautified and graced.
And mildly by their victors led
Were civilized the vanquished.
Then were they taught to love the shows
The ampitheatre bestows,
And useful arts by slow degrees
Began to humanize and please.

* The ancient name of the people of this County.

And there are marks distinct and broad
To show the line of Roman road,
Where 'erst their eagles led them on
To glory now for ever gone;
How Maiden Castle, Badb'ry Ring*
Rome's exploits to remembrance bring!
Nor speak inglorious for the race
Who thought submission a disgrace.

Nor Wimborne Minster! dost thou claim
A right unrecognized by fame,
Beneath thy walls, now grey with age
And chronicled in history's page,
The Saxon Monarch Ethelred
Amidst the mean and noble dead,
In undistinguished ashes lies,
'Till the dread summons to arise,
Both mean and noble dead must hear
And 'fore the King of Kings appear.
Ah! then will praise be paid to worth
Which had perhaps no praise on earth,
And humble merit find a name
More lasting than the Hero's fame.

* Amongst many other remains of Encampments.

And proudly on its eminence—
By art and nature for defence
Well placed—Corfe Castle seems to frown
In anger o'er its past renown.
Oh! had those time-worn walls a tongue—
How many tales by bard unsung,
In mirth would please, in dullness cheer,
Or claim the sympathetic tear!
Perchance 'twould deck the festive scene
In halls which now with grass are green;
Anon, with story of true love,
Might apathy's chill bosom move
Or else with tilt and tourney gay
Of chivalry might be the lay,
Then Knights and Nobles would arise
From Lady fair to gain the prize,
Due to the strong and trusty spear
Of most successful Cavalier,
Spurred on by smiles from beauty's eye
To do his devoir gallantly,
And daring in his hope to claim
The hand that decks a Hero's fame.
Alas! beneath the vaulted stone
Might faintly sound the captives' groan,

Condemned to pine in hopeless grief
Till death alone affords relief.

'Twas here—as British annals tell
The Saxon Prince by murder fell,
By such a murder as would claim
Were there but one—a harsher name.
By kindred and by female blow
Was laid the princely Saxon low,
By Judas' kiss, and friendly draught
Deceived, and stabbed e'en while he quaffed.
Oh! Elfrith! to the latest age,
Thy horid act shall stain the page,
Not laid in peace, thy dust shall lie
In infamous celebrity.
'Twas here,—the gloomy John retained
The crown he had unjustly gained; *
Though not in peace on tyrant's head
To rest, by Barons limited,
Or threat'ned by the Pope with woe
Than rebel Lords a dreader foe.

* King John here kept the Regalia of the Kingdom.

Tw'as here—the second Edward knew
How bitterly the King must rue
The hour when first he gives his ear
The voice of flattery to hear,
When scorning *duties* of the throne
He seeks its *luxuries* alone ;
'Twas here, that he, whose princely care
Had been the Castle to repair,*
Within its dungeon, sadly groaned
O'er errors fearfully atoned.

But chief for *this* Corfe Castle calls
For honor on its ivied walls,
That 'twas the last compelled to quit
The Royal banner—to submit,
To roundhead rebels, tearing down
Poor England's trust—her church and crown ;
In favor of its rightful King,
To all the force their bands could bring
It yielded not,—'till shameful art,
Well worthy of a traitor's heart

* Edward the Second repaired Corfe Castle and was afterwards confined there previous to his removal to Berkely Castle, where he was barbarously murdered.

Prevail'd at last;—by recreant aid
The loyal castle was betrayed;
It fell—and those who scrupled not
Their names with treason's stain to blot
Would little care *that wreck* to see
Who smiled at *wreck* of *monarchy*.
Were't but for this, this brave defence
'Gainst democratic insolence,
Were't but for this alone—I'd pause
Before I'd feed the hungry jaws
Of lean reform with that old right
Which on our hist'ry throws a light,
But which from merely being *old*,
Is *radically bad*, we're told,
For since reform in fashion grew
There's nothing *good*, but what is *new*.

How placidly in Weymouth bay
The waves scarce more than ripples play,
And dazzling is the sun-beam's hue
As glides it o'er the waters blue,
Sweet contrast to the boist'rous sea
Which roars and breaks tremendously,

And threats each ship in "Portland reach"
With wreck upon the "pebble beach."

'Erst upon Weymouth's loyal strand
The best and noblest of the land,
'Midst gentry, peasants, sailors pressed
To view the Monarch whom they blessed.
How gay was then the scene displayed,
When George upon the Esplanade,
Walked in a nation's safeguard sure
And in his people's love secure!

Let restless Greybeards then—inflamed
With wine, by sycophants proclaimed
More wise than in sobriety,
They'll e'en allow themselves to be,
With more of treason than of sense
And true *Rotunda* eloquence,
Call him a "bloody Monarch"—who
To judgment and to conscience true,
Ne'er sanctioned acts, he could not feel
Intended for his country's weal,
Whilst with a gen'rous burst—the nation
Would spurn the driveller's oration,

Whilst if a British prayer be heard
The memory of George the Third
To latest ages will descend
As of a parent and a friend.

'Twas there, with buoyant heart and pace,
That distanced soon the slower grace
Of courtly dames unused above
A slow and mincing step to move,—
'Twas there—the youthful Princess gained
The hearts o'er which she would have reigned,
But *Heaven* willed it not, and man
Must not presume *that will* to scan.
She laid an earthly sceptre down
To gain, we hope, an heav'nly crown.
—'Tis this consoles a nation's pain,
For England's loss—is Charlotte's gain.

If Dorset! humbly I profess
Thy praise in poesy to dress,
Thy Gentry's Seats a lay demand
From my, although unworthy, hand.
Some owe to nature more than art,
To some does taste their charm impart,

And more than one has been the seat
Where *Royalty* has found retreat.

Who when he sees fair Critchell's halls
But to remembrance it recalls,
The time when horn and hound and chace
Once borrowed there a *Princely* grace?
There in the days of youth and mirth
Dwelt the "*first gentleman*" on earth,
The gallant Prince, whose splendid reign
In after-ages will attain,
(When Wellington's unequalled glory
From envy pure shall live in story,)
That praise which to its laurels now
Malignant tongues will not allow.

And Lullworth! whose strange fate so well
Life's quick varieties may tell,
Might in itself inspire a lay
And well the Poet's pains repay.
Were there nought else in hist'ry's page
To point the moral of the Sage,
"Life's future vista none can know
"And nought is certain here below,"

The life of Lullworth's owner might
On this true saying throw some light.
Behold a country gentleman
Within no long extended span,
A Priest—a Bishop—then become
A Cardinal—or—Pope of Rome!

How various have the tenants been
Which Lullworth's sea-girt walls have seen !
There Princes, Ministers and Squires
By turns have trimmed their evening fires,
By turns have made the pheasants rue
Their prowess in the stored batue.
A silk worm, when his task is spun
May gaily in the summer sun
A butterfly become—his day
In gaudy colors sport away,—
So may a *cotton spinner* too
His change have, Worm! as well as you,
Though not so bright, become more great
And be a *minister of state*.
E'en such an one in Lullworth's seat
From cares of office sought retreat.
Though Whigs may spurn a wish like this

“Would cares of office now were his!”
Old England’s *home affairs* would be
Upheld by hands as *wakefully*,
To say the least of it, I trow,
As those which hold *that office, now*.

There lately found a resting place
A foreign and a royal race,
Born by their own unhappy chance
To rule o’er vain and fickle France,
O’er those whose humour takes the shape
By turns of tiger or of ape,
And *such*, the foes to Britain’s state
Would wish to see us imitate.
There, Charles the tenth at least might find
This source of comfort to his mind,
That better ’twas for him to stray
O’er Dorset Downs, and coveys slay,
Than on his rebel subjects pour
The unavailing cannon’s roar,
Or having lost his crown be led
To lose, what’s worth still more—*his head*.
He, though to despotism prone
Yet pleased a priestly yoke to own

Though for revolt he gave some cause
“*More sinned against*, than sinning” was.

Few counties can with Dorset vie
In ancient aristocracy.
Her Yeomen are an honest race ;
Oh ! may they ever know their place !
Ne’er strive to ape their betters,—who
Despise their claims whene’er they do ;
Ye Yeomen ! if ye would be wise
Seek not for foreign luxuries,
Stick to your *double Dorset beer*,
And all the world ye need not fear.
Ah ! would the humble peasant could
’Ere taste a bev’rage half as good ;
I mean not in that low resort
Where legally *some stuff* is bought,
But little is there in *the shop*
Which savors of the *malt and hop* ;
Where—lately oft an embryo scheme
Of treason first began to gleam,
And “*Registers*” were read to teach
Of laws and social rights the breach.

But would! to cheer the Peasant's cot
Some wholesome bev'rage could be got,
Not meant alone to gratify
His taste, and cheat his family,
But to assist in giving birth
To pleasure round his humble hearth,
To teach him, not abroad to roam
For comforts he should find at home.
'Midst children and a faithful Wife
To share the little gifts of life.

Ye Yeomen! in your Landlords see
The best friends of their tenantry;
Ne'er heed a Radical or Rogue
With *lumbag* now so much in vogue,
Who'd tell ye, that ye are oppress
By those who *know* your interest,
And seek it truly as their own,
Because in fact *they're only one*.
Who'd urge unhappy dupes to do
Deeds they'd hereafter sadly rue,
Whilst he contrives his worthless neck
To save amidst his victim's wreck,

Who has perchance a traitor proved
In every cause he e'er has moved—
Who'd tell you that no county can
Provide within itself a man
Fit by constituents to be sent
To plead their cause in Parliament;
But if some *wand'ring lawyer* pass
Not wanting tongue, nor wanting brass,
Or "*great arithmetician*"—who
Brings the "*sum TOTTLE*" *always true*,
If such present themselves—oh then
No doubt! they are the proper men.
But Dorset Freeholders will show
That better things than these they know,
That County-men and men of name
Will ever find with them a claim,
Will ever be the fittest choice
To speak in Parliament their voice.*

Should *blacking pots* send members there
Why then I grant it would be fair,
That *blackg--ds* should St. Stephen's grace
But otherwise they're out of place.

* "Misery makes men acquainted with strange bedfellows," and so in some instances does Reform with strange *M. P's*.

And well a classic pen might trace
What claims has Dorset to the chace--
—*Such pen*, as with a wizard's might
Would bid the hunt e'en live to sight,
As made with horn, halloo, and hound
Loch Katrine's distant banks rebound ;
And such a pen in Blackmore vale
Might find a subject for its tale ;
The chace of roebuck, fox, or hare
Or fallow-deer it might declare,
O'er hill and dale, o'er down and dell,
Might lead the pleased attention well.

And now remains but little space
For those that would a volume grace,
The Dorset Fair! whose charms could I
In more than one well specify,
But others full as lovely might
With equal reason, equal right,
Assert a claim to beauty's zone,
Did I attempt to single one.

Thus far in praise—some wiser head
Than mine might probably be led

To point severer satire, where
But little cause for blame is there.
I conscious that my claims are weak,
Would not provoke a tongue to speak
Against these unassuming lays
That tremble at the public gaze.

And there are *those*, whom well I know,
A double charm o'er Dorset throw,
That make her beauties lovelier still
And hide whate'er she has of ill.
Ah! long in peace may Dorset shine,—
—And though a sweeter lay than mine
Be hers from Bard whose favor'd lyre
E'en Sappho's self might deign inspire,
Yet though than *this*, of brighter hue,
It will not, cannot be more true.

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